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have answered, but \$125 for a large first-class New York White Mountain picture is absurd. I shall, however, be glad to receive the \$90 in Centre Harbor bills, if *good*, as he states. I am rather suspicious of New England money. Please send the amount, when received, to the *Crayon* office, and greatly oblige,

Yours respectfully,

FLAKE WHITE.

P. S.—I never was a *printer*, as he says, but a *correspondent* of the *Crayon*. Please send the money as soon as possible, for I have been put to unusual expense by the unhandsome conduct of the National Academy in declining to receive a large picture, and even refusing to pay bills of freight, etc. But I have written fully about this to my friend, the editor of the *Crayon*.

F. W.

The following letter reaches us just as we go to press.

FAIR HAVEN, May 18th, 1860.

Dear *Crayon* :

I am truly obliged to you and to the editors of the *Evening Post* for the \$90, which I promptly received. One of the bills (a \$5), was called doubtful by a clerk, who sold me some green; but on examination he took it. I found afterwards he had given me a counterfeit \$3 bill in change. Excuse my mentioning this, and believe me your true friend,

FLAKE WHITE.

A CONTRIBUTOR to "Dwight's Journal of Music," furnishes the following bit of art-gossip, taken from an old German periodical :

In 1806, appeared a periodical at Weimar, devoted to criticism principally, entitled "Elysium and Tartarus;" i. e., most of the numbers were headed with the former word, some of them with the latter, in which unfortunate would-be-poets and pseudo artists were rendered unhappy. Here is a complete title—notable because Goethe had something to do with it:

1806.

(Vignette.)

No. 49.

ELYSIUM.

Zeitung für Poesie, Kunst und neuere Zeitgeschichte.]

Mittwoch, den 2 Juli.

In this number is a continuation of art news from Rome, a passage of which, being interpreted, is this:

"An American artist, Washington Allstone, has just finished a landscape, which, from its style of execution, is very remarkable. One notices in the works of Garafalos and many old masters a freshness and liveliness of color, which leave later works far behind. Washington believes that he has discovered the secret of that style. He, in a landscape, and Schick, in his excellent portrait of the young Baroness von Humboldt, have employed this method very happily. The secret is said to be the use of asphaltum. [Literally, *lacing* with asphaltum.] This landscape, which has no middle ground (for a lake fills the plain surface), has through this treatment in its coloring an extraordinary force of effect. Two groups of trees, in one of which they are straight, full of foliage and of a deep green, in the other irregular, wild looking trunks on a base of rocks, shut in the view at the sides. The dark green, the gloomy glades, have something grand, and at the same time strange. The view is taken from lake Lucerne. Mount Pilate rises from the water, a small island swims upon the waves, mighty, snow-crowned mountains close in the distance. Without being particularly excellent as a composition, something grand speaks to us in the picture, which effect is increased by its striking lights and the extreme transparency of its strong colors. The trees have a strange air (they are very green and flat), and appear to be of American growth. Diana, with her nymphs and dogs, is hunting upon the shore of the lake. The background is rather grey (*fällt ins Graue*), the clouds are heavy, still the character of the mountains is well expressed, and handled with understanding. The drawing of the trees, which is also somewhat heavy, has much of Ruisdael's manner."

## Literary Record.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By George P. Marsh. Charles Scribner, New York.

As we advance in civilization, and as we mature in thought, the necessity of having a correct and extensive knowledge of language seems to be all the greater. We know of no volume published in this country better calculated to furnish this knowledge than the one before us, proceeding, as it does, from an author who is well known to have made language a life study. The book furnishes ample evidence of it. To a varied and deep knowledge of the labors of European scholars, he adds many original and satisfactory contributions of his own. We stand in great need of such a work, in view of the many corruptions which are almost daily introduced into our language; and we hope to see it sufficiently well read to do the good intended by its author.

We all know that there is no better index to a man's intellectual and moral condition than the use he makes of language; it never fails to uncover his interior state—never fails to show to what extent nature has slighted or favored him—to what extent he has brought his self-consciousness into his general culture—and to what extent he has been either degraded or elevated by his family and social connections. This volume is accordingly the more desirable and beneficial, inasmuch as the educational institutions of the country, through their practical teachers, seem to be entirely wanting in the power of spreading a thorough and correct knowledge of our language amongst young people. The slang of vulgar parents and vulgar associates, seems to be paramount, and calls for some strong agent to set it aside. Mr. Marsh's book, therefore, comes opportunely. It will effect an important reformation amongst those who have any natural aptitude for the right use of language; it will furthermore sharpen their desire to become familiar with the writings of neglected authors; it opens out a new insight into the rich resources and inexhaustible mines of our great mother tongue, strengthening and refreshing the mind of the present by immersing it in that of the past. The purpose, says Mr. Marsh, of the thirty lectures whereof this volume is composed, is to excite a more general interest among educated men and women in the history and essential character of their native tongue, and to recommend the study of the language in its earlier literary monuments rather than through the medium of grammars and linguistic treatises. The lectures are addressed to the many, not to the few—to those who have received such an amount of elementary discipline as to qualify them to become their own best teacher in the attainment of general culture, not to the professed grammarian or linguistic inquirer.

If the last century was remarkable for its logical study of languages, the present is equally remarkable for its comparative study, and for its historical investigations into their origin and course among the different races of the world. If every people may be analyzed through its languages, we are destined, through this study, to have a very correct knowledge of the different branches of the human family, and the great vicissitudes which have characterized them. It is generally admitted that the changes through which languages have passed are not the result of hazard or blind caprice, but are due to the operation of constant and certain laws, and that they have followed a regular and fixed course. It is thus that they give to history suffi-

cient data upon which to work, and through which to arrive at the most satisfactory results.

NAPOLEON III. IN ITALY. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. C. S. Francis & Co., New York.

Mrs. BROWNING, an Englishwoman, happens to be in Italy while the French are assisting the Italians in forming a nationality, and she witnesses events, hears opinions, and judges of them liberally as women generally do, when they really know what they are about. She casts aside the prejudice of an insular mind, and in a book of verse sounds poetic praises, apologizing for, and even exalting Napoleon—a bugbear to her nation. After having given vent to a blessing she must curse a little, and so writes a curse to accompany the pœans of praise. The curse is not so ambiguous as not to have her country people take it to themselves, because, no doubt, conscience pricked them to it. Maledictions, direct and indirect, greet her from the land of her birth, and she hears “from the summits of love a curse” in turn. What does the lady do but play the part of a poetical Pickwick, and authorize a statement to the effect that the curse she wrote was not meant for her dear brothers and sisters in England, but for her dear cousins in America, “over the western sea.” She finds that praising Frenchmen for helping a nation to free itself is more than Englishmen will put up with, to say nothing of a traitorous curse, and so the poetess makes America the scapegoat offering to the wounded pride of those she has offended in blessing enemies. We are no admirers of Mrs. Browning’s poetry as a whole, but like it in parts, as we do occasional pictures of subjects that ought never to be painted. She has ability, but in our judgment it is rarely wisely applied. This little book is equally contemptible and instructive, the first, for the usual display of English inconsistencies, the second for its value as evidence against English prejudice. It is furthermore entertaining to one who enjoys verbal twistings and metrical ingenuity. We append one of the short poems:

#### THE DANCE.

You remember down at Florence our Cascine,  
Where the people on the feast-days walk and drive,  
And, through the trees, long-drawn in many a green way,  
O’er-roofing hum and murmur like a hive,  
The river and the mountains look alive?

You remember the piazzone there, the stand-place  
Of carriages a-brim with Florence Beauties,  
Who lean and melt to music as the band plays,  
Or smile and chat with some one who a-foot is,  
Or on horseback, in observance of male duties?

’Tis so pretty in the afternoons of summer,  
So many gracious fages brought together!  
Call it rout, or call it concert, they have come here,  
In the floating of the fan and of the feather,  
To reciprocate with beauty the fine weather.

While the flower-girls offer nosegays (because *they* too  
Go with other sweets) at every carriage-door;  
Here, by shake of a white finger, signed away to  
Some next buyer, who sits buying score on score,  
Piling roses upon roses evermore.

And last season, when the French camp had its station  
In the meadow-ground, things quickened and grew gayer  
Through the mingling of the liberated nation  
With this people; groups of Frenchmen everywhere,  
Strolling, gazing, judging lightly . . . “who was fair.”

Then the noblest lady present took upon her  
To speak nobly from her carriage for the rest;  
“Pray these officers from France to do us honor  
By dancing with us straightway.” The request  
Was gravely apprehended as addressed.

And the men of France, bareheaded, bowing lowly,  
Led out each a proud signora to the space  
Which the startled crowd had rounded for them—slowly,  
Just a touch of still emotion in his face,  
Not presuming, through the symbol, on the grace.

There was silence in the people: some lips trembled,  
But none jested. Broke the music, at a glance;  
And the daughters of our princes, thus assembled,  
Stepped the measure with the gallant sons of France.  
Hush! it might have been a Mass, and not a dance.

And they danced there till the blue that overskied us  
Swooned with passion, though the footing seemed sedate;  
And the mountains, heaving mighty hearts beside us,  
Sighed a rapture in a shadow, to dilate,  
And touch the holy stone where Dante sate.

Then the sons of France, bareheaded, lowly bowing,  
Led the ladies back where kinsmen of the south  
Stood, received them;—till, with burst of overflowing  
Feeling . . . husbands, brothers, Florence’s male youth,  
Turned, and kissed the martial strangers mouth to mouth.

And a cry went up, a cry from all that people!  
You have heard a people cheering, you suppose,  
For the Member, mayor . . . with chorus from the steeple?  
This was different: scarce as loud, perhaps (who knows?)  
For we saw wet eyes around us ere the close.

And we felt as if a nation, too long borne in  
By hard wrongers, comprehending in such attitude  
That God had spoken somewhere since the morning,  
That men were somehow brothers, by no platitude,  
Cried exultant in great wonder and free gratitude.

LYRICS AND IDYLS. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Charles Scribner, New York.

UNTIL the appearance of “The Diamond Wedding,” we had no knowledge of this author, and clever as that performance was, we did not know that better things lay behind it. The Diamond Wedding is wisely placed last in the book before us, and it is of the poems that precede it which dwarf its merit that we have to speak. “Lyrics and Idyls” brings to mind Wordsworth, Tennyson, Præd, and Hood, who all seem to have served the author for models, if we may be allowed to judge by various styles of metre employed by him, that remind one of these poets. Mr. Stedman, however, is not a mere imitator. With a command of language, and an ear for rhythm, which enables him to try all the forms of verse quite successfully, he adds good natural taste, good feeling, and that which cannot be imitated, original dramatic power. “Bohemia,” for instance, the first poem in the book, is a graceful composition; it breathes a healthy, genial atmosphere of enjoyment, on gipsy principles, enlivened with humor, toned with a few touches of tenderness and pathos. The following stanzas embody some of the merits of the poem:

On either side the travelled way,  
Encamped along the sunny downs,  
The blithesome, bold Bohemians lay;  
Or hid, in quaintly-gabled towns,